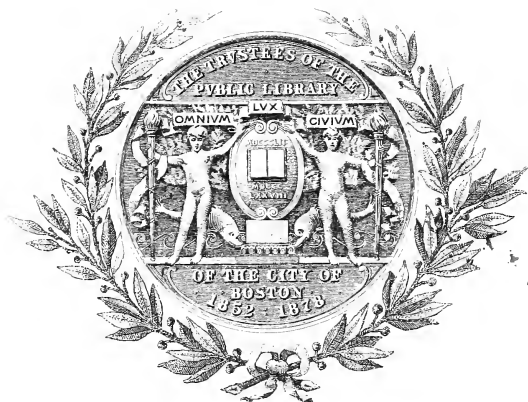




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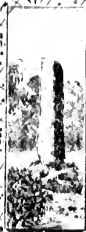
GIVEN BY

Dr. F. H. Brown.

AUG 17



Through  
THE  
HOUSATONIC  
VALLEY



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THE DOME OF THE TAGHKANICS

To The

HILLS AND HOMES

OF

BERKSHIRE





THROUGH THE



HOUSATONIC VALLEY

TO THE

Hills AND Homes of Berkshire.

By CLARK W. BRYAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE CAMERAS OF JULIUS HALL  
AND GEORGE W. LOVEJOY.

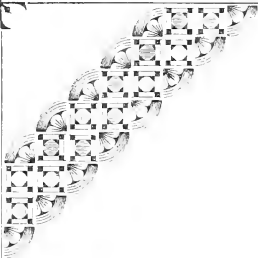
Prepared for the Housatonic Railroad.

CLARK W. BRYAN & CO., Publishers.

GT. BARRINGTON, MASS.

1882.



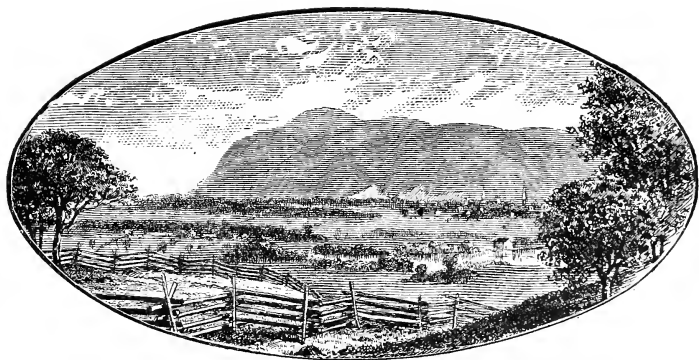


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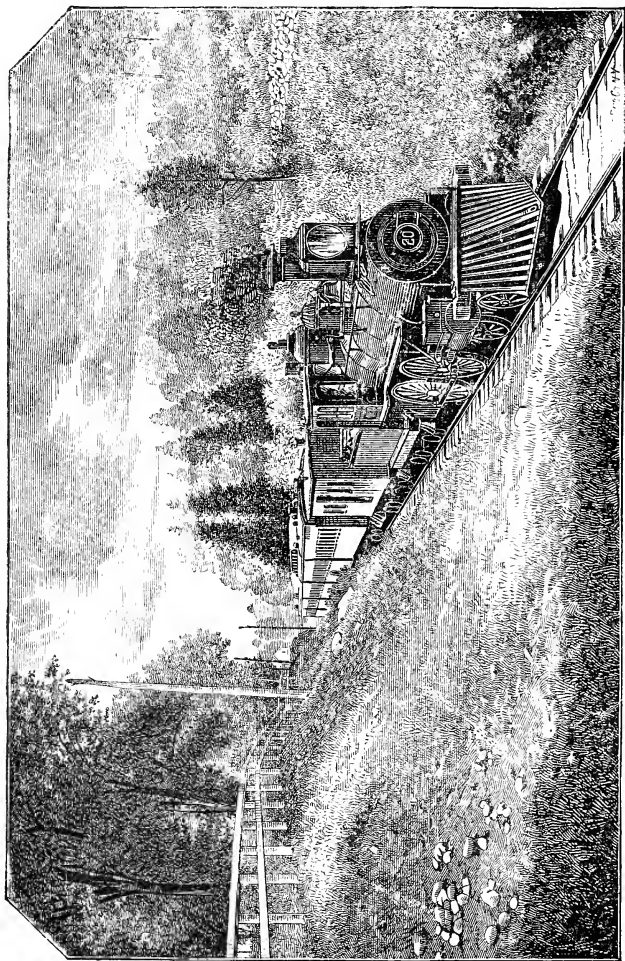
Berkshire Courier.







THE DOME OF THE TAGHKANICS.



HOUSATONIC RAILROAD TRAIN PASSING PARLOR ROCK STATION.




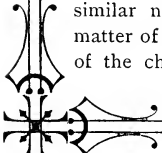
# Through the Housatonic Valley.

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“As old as the hills,” figuratively speaking, is popularly supposed to carry with the assertion the inference that our Hills were made at the time “when the morning stars first sang together,” but geological theories destroy the strength of this inference, and we are left, in these latter days, the blessed privilege only of speaking, without regard to their age, of the grandeur and glory alone of the hills which stand proudly up in their places round about us.

As old as any hills, then, we may safely say—none being more grand and glorious—are the low-lying ranges of the Taghkanics, where “The Dome” and Monument Mountain are prominently placed, like sentinels, above the charming valley of the Housatonic river, as are also the closely-drawn together Hoosacs, from the bases of which the Hoosac river runs quickly away to the northward. The grandeur of the hills and the picturesque beauty of the valleys where both of these mountain ranges find their homes, have for long years fascinated the world, both at home and abroad, and made for themselves an enviable fame by their notably attractive features of living loveliness.

In a preceding publication, entitled “The Hills and Homes of Berkshire,” the writer of these pages, only a brief year ago, issued a hastily prepared illustrated sketch of some of the most popular points of interest to be found within the region of the Berkshire Hills. This found so large a constituency of interested readers as to necessitate repeated editions, and helped to create a demand for a second work of a similar nature, which should combine with much of the descriptive matter of the first publication a more minute representation of some of the charming scenery and attractive features of landscape of the



lower Housatonic Valley, through which lies the natural route to the celebrated locality of Berkshire—

“ \* \* \* on and up where nature's heart

Beats strong amid the hills.”

of which region appreciatively writes “Godfrey Greylock,” who has grown gray living, loving and lingering among the “hills and valleys, lakes and streams, farms and fields,” where Berkshire holds all these in close embrace, and to whom all that is beautiful, all that is attractive, all that is notable in the charmed circle of his life-long home, are as familiar as household words. He says: “If the traveler seeks some object for a day's or a week's wonder, some tremendous cataract or Heaven piercing Cordillera, he must seek it elsewhere. But if he ask for a treat among wild and picturesque scenery, adorned by much that is pleasant and refined in his city life, but far removed from its heat and turmoil; where he can draw closer the silken cord of social intercourse, and yet throw loose some of its galling chains; where nature ennobles by her greatness but never chills with a frown, he may find it all amid the varied beauty of the Berkshire Hills.”

And these Hills, loved by those who live among them and revered by those who have gone out from homes high up on the hill-tops or down in the valleys, made famous both in legend and lyric, were never more magnificent and fascinating than they are to-day. But their fame is not of to-day alone. They were known and admired of much people in other parts of the world long years ago, and long years ago they were sought out by the then rarely-to-be-found tourists and pleasure-seekers of our country's early days, and have grown as years have increased into such prominence and notoriety, as an interesting and salubrious resort for seekers after health and recreation as to have long held a world-wide reputation for being a most delightful residence and temporary resting place, admirably adapted for the sensible enjoyment of the pleasures and relaxations sought for now-a-days, by the world at large, in the delightful experiences of a “summer in the country.”

The attractions and allurements of the Berkshire Hills are also happily supplemented by the recognized advantages of their proximity to the large cities of the country, the attractiveness of the regions through

which wayfarers naturally make their pilgrimages to find this health-giving Mecca of their hopes, and the admirable facilities now provided for those who choose—if only for a brief season—to enter in and dwell there.

Journey with us, then, indulgent reader, if you will, from New York, the fast becoming metropolis of the world, along the borders of Long Island Sound, over the well-appointed and admirably-conducted New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, to the beautiful and thrifty city of Bridgeport, down by the Sound, where it connects with the Housatonic railway, the latter of which reaches out its tracks of steel over, in, around and among low-lying hills and blooming valleys, far away to where the Housatonic river winds its sometimes tumultuous and often tortuous course among

“Rough quarries, rocks and hills,  
Whose heads touch Heaven,”

from the thrifty land of wooden nutmegs, through almost the entire reach of Berkshire's limits, to the quiet region where it finds its source so near the summit of rugged hill-tops that from the places where emanate the bubbling springs which form the river's source, the mountain ranges and hills of the Green Mountain State bend low and make their obeisance to the blending beauty of their southern neighbors.

Of the Housatonic river, it is written by one who had canoed its whole length, from its laughing streamlets among the mountains to its open mouth down by the sea, in appreciative words like these: “A river is a poem. \* \* \* An epic is likely, however, to grow tiresome; a river, never. \* \* \* The Housatonic river, the finest of poems, is the chief ornament of Berkshire county, the finest of prose.”

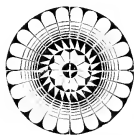
And this noted and beautiful river, in dashing down among the mountains or winding its ways through widespread meadows, has many charming stretches where it washes first the feet of the bold mountain sides and then toys with the neatly-graveled road-bed of the Housatonic railway, grows weary in turning mill wheels and anon sleeps lazily in its meadow-land bed, the while coquetting with the shadows which come to it from both its easterly and westerly banks. Along much of its way it is closely walled in by precipitous rocky-ribbed

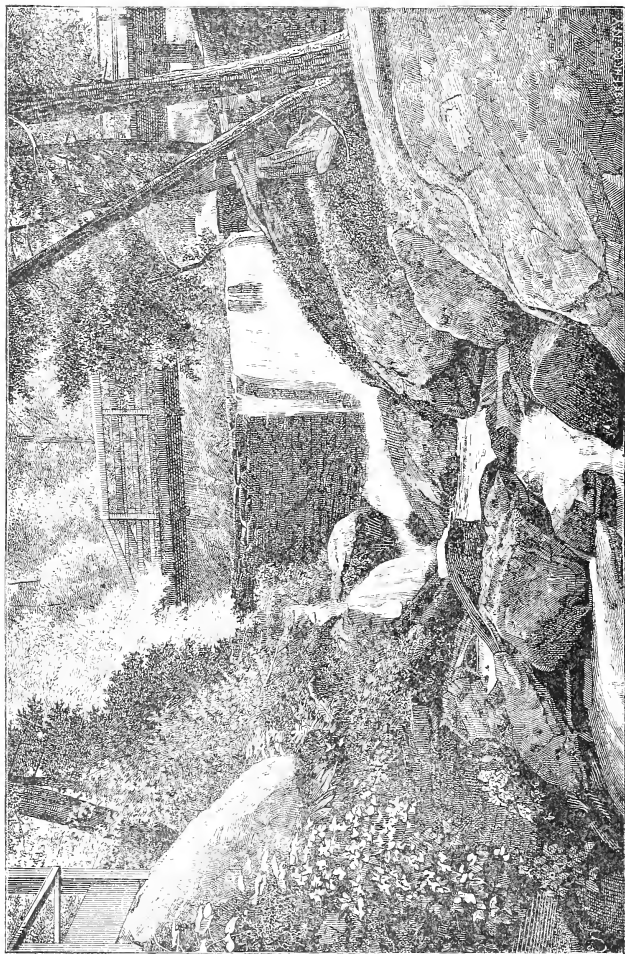
mountain sides, which seemingly have place there simply to prevent the stream from being contaminated by a connection with the outside world. And thus it alternately wakes and sleeps, first leaping from its forest-fringed bed among the hills; then lazily looking up to the sky from its grass-grown borderings, and then again laughing and rollicking along its way over treacherously-made beds of gravel and boulders, adown rapids and runways, around the points of bold headlands, dropping in its descent from Pittsfield, where the east and west branches come together, to the famous Canaan Falls at Falls village, 295 feet, and from thence to its junction with the Naugatuck river at Derby, 612 feet.

The canoeist previously referred to, in closing a detailed description of his canoe voyage from Pittsfield among the hills to Stratford on the Sound, thus graphically and truthfully writes of the Housatonic river: "It is a beautiful stream from beginning to end. Whoever descends it, indeed in whatever way, will undoubtedly retain in memory unfading scenes of rare beauty, which he will nevertheless unhappily find as impossible to describe as the charms of a perfect poem."

The writer hereof, who has journeyed frequently the whole length of the Housatonic Valley, from Pittsfield to Bridgeport, has never done so without finding new delights, either in charming scenes of meadow landscape, flanked by both sloping and abrupt hillsides, sentinelled by peeping hill-tops and mingled with near and far mountain views of grandeur, magnificence and well-drawn lines of simple beauty. From the windows of the railway car hasty glimpses of all these can be seen by the eye of a watchful observer; a drive along the carriage way brings them out more clearly, but a walk of leisure along the railway track affords the best means of seeing and enjoying the natural beauties of the river, the valley, the meadows and the mountains. The glistening river, the sinuous track of the railway, the towering mountains, the piles of brown, bare and rugged rocks, the hamlets and villages, the activities of the pleasant rural life, all make excellent companionship for the pleasure-seeking traveler as he wends his way onward. Bright faces from smiling landscapes, low murmurings from the flowing river, cool breezes from the mountain side, bright sunshine

from cloudless skies, were the never-to-be-forgotten companions of a late-in-autumn journey, "afoot and alone," through the Housatonic Valley, in the recently closed year of our Lord, 1881, which was, both in its simplest detail and in its entirety, so full of sensible sight-seeing and sound enjoyment, that there is no hesitation, whatever, in saying to all lovers of out-door enjoyment, "Go and do likewise." One, two, five or ten miles, as the case may be, of tramping through the Housatonic Valley in summer, by tourists or pleasure-seekers, will furnish a fund of interesting reminiscences from which to draw for either recollection or recital for a long time afterwards.





THE GLEN, PARLOR ROCK.

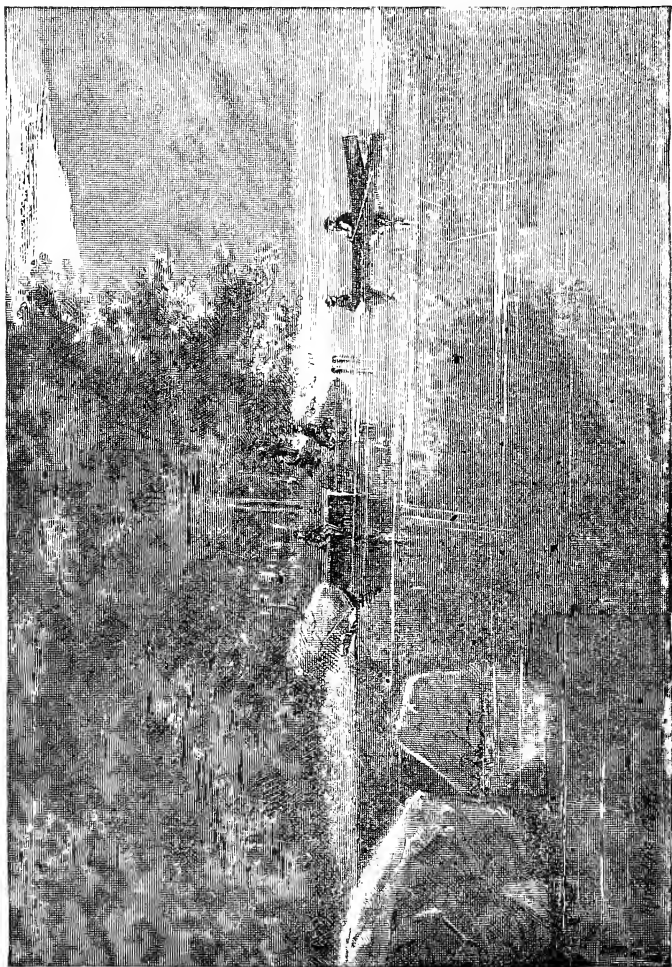


## From New York to Bridgeport.

Rolling out from under the magnificently arched and broadly trussed iron roof of the Grand Central Depot, corner Fourth avenue and 42d street, New York city, on a summer day, in the well equipped cars of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, is a pleasant and agreeable thing to do, of itself alone, but when such travelers have the breezy hills of Berkshire for a destination, the pleasure of the hour is greatly intensified, and impatient tourists are often found wishing for the wings of the wind that the desired heaven of rest and recreation may be reached with a loss of the least possible fragment of time.

We will step into the cars with our Berkshire bound travelers, and journey with them up through the stony and rock-ribbed regions of Western Connecticut, along by the waters of Long Island Sound, and from our car windows note the beauties and attractions of the passing hour, as we dash onward toward our destination far up the Housatonic Valley.

The breezy hills of Berkshire, the beautiful valley of the Housatonic, the thrifty farm life, the pure and bracing atmosphere, the charming drives, excellent roadways and babbling brooks, the spirit of peace and contentment—of rest and recreation, of cosiness and comfort; these are all to be found in abundance in the neighborhood of the Dome of the Taghkanics, and to those who know by experience of all the blessings and benefits to be had from sojourning in summer among the Hills and Homes of Berkshire, it is neither matter of wonder or surprise, that such large numbers of people flee from the crowded, hot and dusty streets of the city, where toil and tumult reign, to the quiet and peaceful nooks to be found in such abundance among the hills of Western Connecticut or the mountains of Western Massachusetts.



LAKE SCENE, PARLOR ROCK.

But we are off the track, and will switch back again upon the main line and move out of the Grand Central Depot, having bright anticipations of experiencing pure, unalloyed country life enjoyments. We dash on low down through the street and avenue bowels of Gotham, at first under oft-repeated passage ways, above the thickly thronged streets, and with our bundles of passage well stowed away, we get fairly settled down to the reality of our journey as we leap across the Harlem river, and flit scornfully by New York's ragged suburbs, until we reach the quiet old town of New Rochelle, when we begin to feel that we are really in the country. Then on, through bare and bleak looking Mamaroneck, pleasantly shaded Larchmont Manor, the pretty and pretentious Westchester villages of Rye and Port Chester, and Connecticut Greenwich, with its beautiful country residences of wealthy New Yorkers, and where the old Americus Club House of the Tweed ring in its palmy days stands boldly up before the eye to the eastward, in full view while passing the famous Cos Cob bridge. We nod at the home-like former home of Edwin Booth, on our right after crossing the bridge, with its miniature forests of shade trees and long reaches of massive stone walls, on to Stamford where, according to the little dodgers thrown thickly into the cars, we are assured that a "delicious cup" of coffee can here be had, and at the same time are informed that the opportunity of possessing this palatable drink is a boon to mankind, as Artemas Ward would have said in his saying days—a sweet boon, indeed.

After sipping this delicious cup of coffee, or perhaps after gulping down oysters by the plateful, at Stamford, we rattle and roll on, with little to attract attention or excite admiration, save the glistening waters of Long Island Sound, with Long Island itself stretched away against the low down horizon to the south-eastwardly, like a lengthened cloud-bank, half buried in restless and billowy waters. We halt at Norwalk briefly, and then glide on to Bridgeport, where we stop again and are filled with wonder and amazement as to where all the people belong who are ever at this depot "when the cars come in," and who are ever found elbowing and crowding themselves up and down the platform of the railway station. If we are only thoughtful enough

at the New York Grand Central Depot to take the car labeled "Housatonic Railroad," we shall have nothing to do here but to see people miscellaneously run to and fro wildly, apparently demonstrating quite clearly as to what a fool humanity can make of itself without cause or provocation, when traveling, and more especially when traveling for pleasure.

But the whistles shriek, the bells ring, the motley crowd press back from the edge of the platform, the ponderous train with heavily loaded baggage cars, richly furnished parlor cars and well appointed railway coaches, linked closely together, move off New Haven, Hartford, Springfield and Bostonward, leaving us to pursue our quiet journey up to the Housatonic Valley. And here will the hours of real enjoyment make themselves apparent to our perhaps wearied senses, and we can begin to breathe in the health-giving atmosphere which will be ours to enjoy more and more fully, the farther we move onward to the northward.

Bridgeport, with its successful manufactories its prosperous marts of trade, its handsome and well shaded residence streets, and its charming social life, offer great inducements to the traveler to make something more than the short stay which the regular routine of daily train running affords, and to those who have the time, a tarrying of between trains, or a sojourn of a day or two or more, will not by any means be lost time, but will be fragments of time well spent, and mayhap give greater zest for the enjoyment of what may be in store as we leave the salt water breezes behind and go on to the region of the fresh air of the mountains.

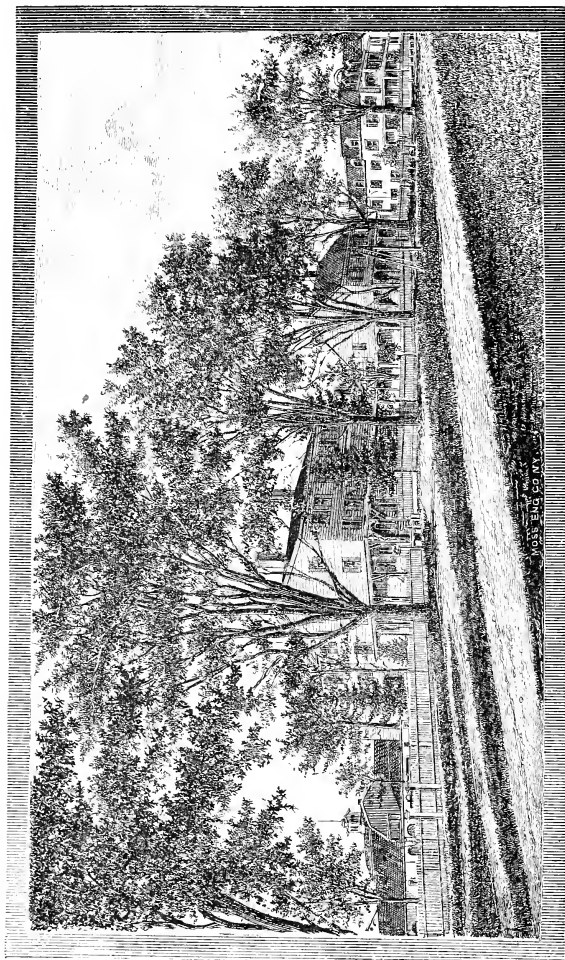
Here are the offices and headquarters of the Housatonic railroad, in commodious and well-appointed rooms, just across the street from the railway depot, where any desired information regarding the road or the country through which it runs may at any time be had from the courteous Superintendent, Mr. L. B. Stillson, the obliging General Ticket Agent, Mr. H. D. Averill, or any of the company's corps of obliging officials or clerks.

## From Bridgeport to Berkshire.

After a brief halt amid the busy bustle at Bridgeport, always lively and throbbing in the vicinity of the Railway Depot, we move onward up the Housatonic Valley over the Housatonic Railroad, with an excellent road-bed, comfortable and well-appointed Railway Coaches and with pleasant and attentive service. We thread our way in among both wooded and bald knolls, and twist and turn, and come and go, forward and backward, until our train has much the appearance of "an eight-hand round" figure in a country dance.

When eight miles away from Bridgeport we pass the flag station of Long Hill where the celebrated "Parlor Rock" picnic grounds of the Housatonic road are located, and where picnics abound during all the long summer months. Pleasant groves, shady walks, rocks and rills and rushing water falls, are in plentiful supply, and grounds for games, tables for picnic lunching, seats for lounging, swings for exercise, and all the desired belongings, are generously provided.

And so we pass the little stations and quiet hamlets of Stepney and Botsford, and press on till we reach the pleasant region of Newtown, so pleasant indeed that during the summer months its homes are well filled, its roadways thronged and its broad acres well rambled over by numberless guests from the cities, who get good air, good living, rest and recreation and health and strength at very reasonable rates, as far as dollars and cents are concerned. The quaint old village of Newtown is so quaint, so quiet, so pleasantly and commandingly situated as to carry us captive at will as it has scores of other lookers-on upon its fascinating features of nature, and we have had a carefully photographed illustration of its village street prepared for these pages which



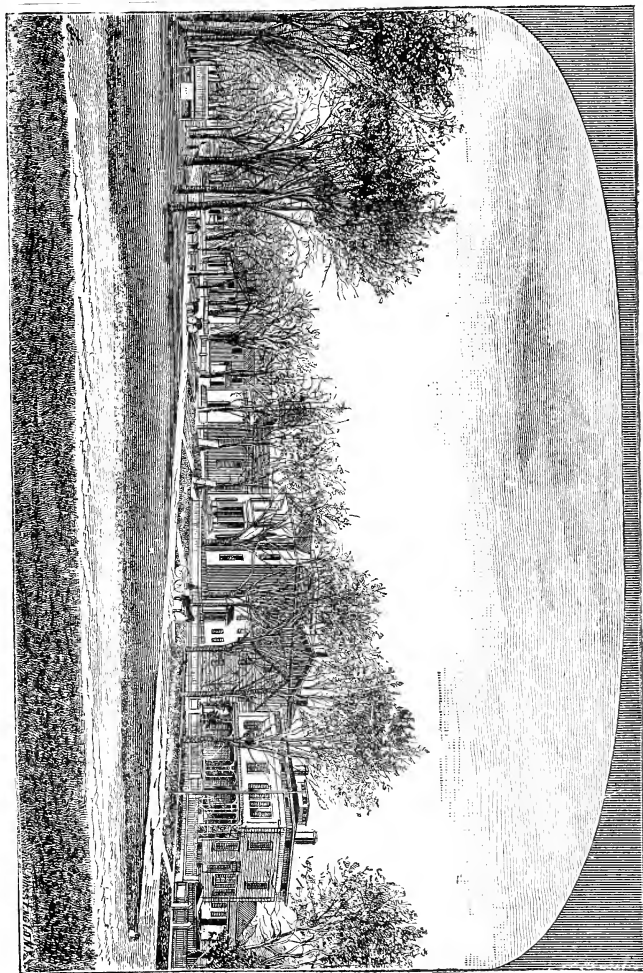
A SECTION OF NEWTOWN STREET.

the reader will find close at hand, in well executed engraving and print, while perusing this announcement. The justly famed Dick's Hotel, where Landlord and Landlady Dick right royally dispense the most hearty and homelike hospitality known to swarms of summer guests from the cities, appears on the left of the picture, and the neighboring, most excellent hostelry the Grand Central Hotel, farther on up the street to the right. The broad and neatly kept streets and interesting turned-down hide-and-seek byways, the trim and snug residences and the commanding views in all directions, make the village thoroughfares the most attractive and delightful of their kind in the ordinary reach of summer resting places. Pleasant walks are near at hand, and charming drives reach out both far and near, towards every point of the compass. Up hill and down dell, "over the hills and far away," good roads and fine scenery abound on every hand. Fountain Lake nestles down quietly and lovingly just beyond the confines of the westerly village boundary, and Danbury, with its hats for all the world and its industrious hatters who make them, lies in full and fair view from the highest point of the divide, between the village and Fountain Lake, seemingly sleeping itself to death—which it isn't—on a sloping hillside, ten miles to the westward. Beautiful farms and the very thriftiest kind of pleasantly located, attractive looking Connecticut farm-houses are scattered broadcast over all the landscape, both near at hand and afar off. The spires of the churches of high-up-in-the-Heaven-old-Litchfield, where beautiful hill-top scenery and cool breezes woo numberless guests from their city homes and win their admiration, can be seen to the northeastwardly from the roundabout hill-tops of Newtown. Busy Bridgeport is only nineteen miles distant to the southward, and brass bound Waterbury twenty miles away to the eastward on the line of the New York and New England railroad. "The Glen," an evergreen-shaded, wild and picturesque drive, by the side of and overhanging the waters of the Paucatuck river, just before they join those of the Housatonic river at the abrupt bend of a bold and rock-bound chasm, which is spanned by a picturesquely poised bridge of the New York and New England railway, has scarce its equal of interesting novelty in all New England. Here and here-

abouts, sight-seers and pleasure-seekers can come and go at will for many an hour, taking in among other attractions, if it so please them, the Siamese twin tunnels of the Housatonic and New York and New England railroads, with their beds and roofs of solid rock, and on swinging round the circle in any desired direction, enjoying the while the varied scenery here found among blossoming fields, beside glistening streams, or in gazing at well wooded mountain sides where the soft blue haze 'neath a summer sky gives a mellow brilliancy and beauty to the slowly broadening landscapes that roll up before the eye in the panoramic movements of summer day drives and rambles.

As those who tarry here may perhaps be interested to know what is in waiting for those who wend their way still farther up, in a northerly direction, we will proceed on our journey along the railway track and still continue to tattle as we go. Soon after leaving Newtown, our path is sufficiently elevated to enable us to overlook a broad stretch of country to the eastward, from which direction we are quite likely to see trains of cars on the New York & New England railroad, with locomotives panting and puffing for dear life, as if attempting to dive into one of the tunnels just ahead of us, and to come out far enough in advance to enable them to reach Hawleyville, the next station, before we do. At Hawleyville we find a "grand railroad center." The Housatonic road from Bridgeport to Pittsfield and to the State Line, the New York & New England road from Fishkill-on-the-Hudson to every where away down east, the Shepaug road from Hawleyville to Litchfield, high up among the hills to the eastward, cross each other here and have a brisk interchange of traffic. A few minutes will suffice to see all that is to be seen from the car windows, and then we move on to Brookfield Junction, where a branch of the Housatonic road leads down to Danbury, or climbs up from Danbury, with its hats and its Danbury-News-Man, according to the way which one is traveling. Here the knolls grow higher, steeper and more peaked, but still are the prominent features of the landscape, and the traveler often finds himself wondering as to what they were made for. Thence we pass on to the quiet old town of Brookfield, and then on again along the easterly borders of the Danbury or Still River, which quite singu-





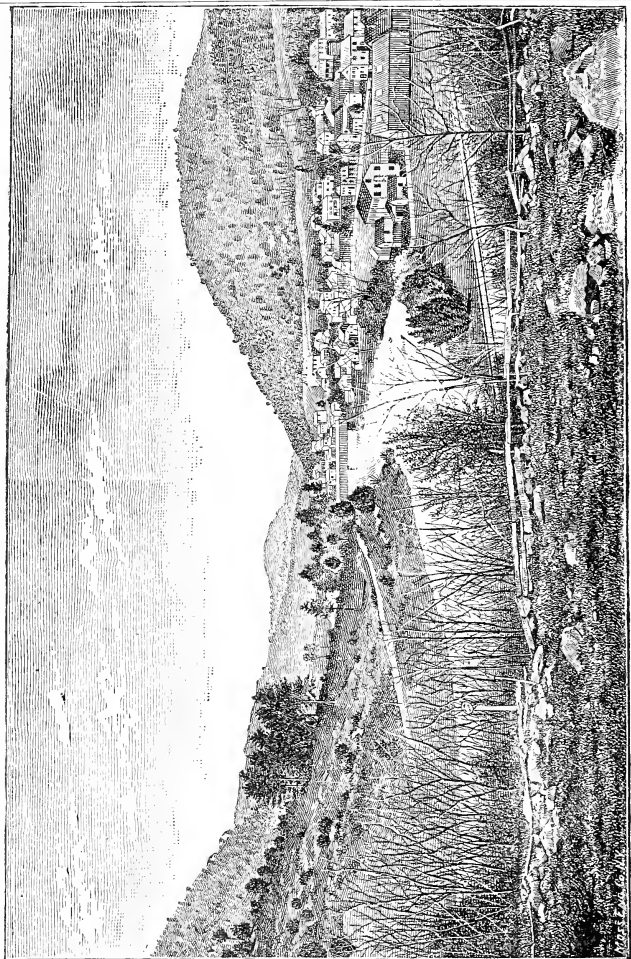
THE NEW MILFORD MALL.

larly runs rapidly away to the northward, turning busy mill wheels at Brookfield, and farther on near its confluence with the Housatonic river, where we first sight the latter stream and reach the Housatonic Valley proper, crossing Housatonic's waters for the first time a few rods only above the celebrated Lover's leap, a narrow gorged waterfall famed in Aboriginal legendery lore as well as for its natural beauties. Here we find one of the most striking points of interest in the valley, presenting as it does a bold representation of combined rugged mountain and dashing water, in one wierd and wild picture, which nature has ever hung upon the walls of her New England gallery. Here also we are at the side door of the charmingly-located and busy town of New Milford, with its near-by wild stretch of emerald green meadows, its over-against bold mountain sides and the pleasant slopes on which it rests peacefully, looking away to the low down western sky and summer sundown glories, with much apparent complacency. In this charming region of land and water, blending well together only a few miles away from the gateway of the Cornwall hills and gorges, the tobacco mart of the Housatonic Valley, the hospitable home of much wealth and worth, has many attractions for summer tourists. Lake Wauramaug over the hills to the eastward, but still within easy reach of the village streets, with its excellent facilities for fishing and rowing and other small bodies of water where the finny tribes abound—more or less—have much that is tempting to the summer wanderers of Izack Walton. Good public accommodations are found in the village, and attractive temporary homes among well-to-do farmers are easily secured in the surrounding region of country. A village green or mall which easily challenges comparison with others of its kind in far more pretentious localities is one of the most beautiful features of New England country life. This statement we verify by the introduction, in these pages, of an illustration from photograph, of this scene of village life and beauty, and the reader will find it in close proximity to these lines. The stately elms, the handsome public buildings and residences, elegant churches and well-kept grounds dwell in harmony together all so near and yet so far from the maddening crowd of the business streets and marts of trade and traffic of the town. It is a rare page of

village beauty from the book of nature, and the villagers may well be proud of it. The Architect of the Universe made it beautiful in its first estate, and the hand of man has added to its natural charms, until, if it may be equaled elsewhere, it may not well be elsewhere excelled.

After leaving New Milford, we pass the quiet hamlet of Merwinsville, the beautiful and thrifty village of Kent, at which latter place we find ourselves hand in hand with the Cornwalls among the mountains—mountains with precipitous sides, with deep-cut gorges and evergreen mountain summits at the feet of which the Housatonic river and the Housatonic railroad, winding their tortuous ways, side by side, find scarcely room for comfortable resting places without encroaching one upon the other's relegated domain. And now our way is closely mountain-lined on either side, rugged, rambling and rocky, our first stopping place being that of Cornwall Bridge, a small foot-of-mountain-hamlet, where peace and plenty dwell in quietness and seclusion sufficiently intense, seemingly, to satisfy the most earnest searcher after a rural life, made up of mingled repose and natural beauty. Here grand old hills stand proudly up on either hand as if to shut out the great world with its daily procession of struggles and strifes, which go to make up at one and the same time, the gladsome and sadly-told story of human life, from the pleasant and peaceful haunts by the borders of the beautiful stream which here dashes along its winding way in its course from the mountains to the sea, in undisturbed possession and occupancy of the valley through which it passes—always going but never gone; always moving but never resting; a beautiful picture here, a picturesque illustration there; attractive and fascinating everywhere; but nowhere presenting such scenes of bold and closely mountain-lined sublimity and grandeur as here among the Cornwalls.

As we pass onward from Cornwall Bridge to West Cornwall, we call to mind some of the pleasant attractions and traditions of the olden time of the region. These are thickly woven into the history of the town and are made up of important events and of noted persons, making the locality one of good repute and widespread fame among men.



WEST CORNWALL AND MOUNT TOWERDALE.

The line of the Housatonic railway as well as those of the carriage roads on either side of the river, from Cornwall Bridge to West Cornwall, both separately and collectively—for want of room to go elsewhere—continue to skirt the river as closely and familiarly as they do from Kent to Cornwall Bridge, and before reaching West Cornwall we catch glimpses—whether by rail or carriage roadway travel—of the rugged hills of the Cornwall range, and at the last bend in the stream before reaching the village, we get a sublimely beautiful view of intermingled mountain scenery on either hand, with the river flowing down between, turning busy mill wheels, and then dashing away from the work-day life of the village to a frolicsome run among the hills below. So striking and picturesque is this combined situation of mountain scenery and village life that we present on a near-by page an illustration, by photograph, of West Cornwall and its beautiful surroundings, giving Mount Towerdale the place of honor, with the village nestled snugly down at its base. The waters of the Housatonic, after turning the industrious wheels of the local mills, and then sweeping disdainfully by the village streets and shops, turn abruptly to the westward and pass through a deep and rocky gorge, presenting in appearance almost a duplicate of the celebrated “Devil’s Gate” in the Weber Canon region, on the Union Pacific railroad, in Utah. The town of Cornwall finds its entire western boundary on the eastern banks of the Housatonic river, and to reach the farms and firesides of the town, which almost uniformly rank high in comparison with the world at large, in their records of admirable and progressive farm life, industrious and intelligent citizenship and well appointed hospitable homes, some vigorous climbing of hills will be found a prominent feature of the programme. The town has always been noted for its abundance of rocks, so much so, indeed, that in its early days an eminent Divine passing through it wrote of it:

“The Almighty from His boundless store  
Piled rocks on rocks and did no more.”

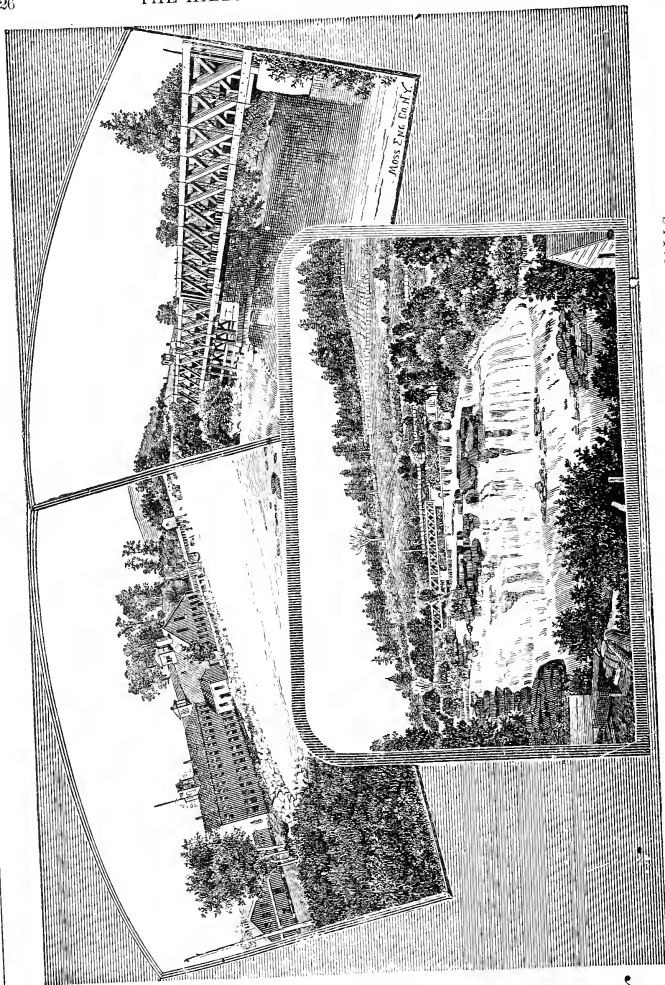
But the people did the rest, and now where once naught but wild forest and huge rocks were to be seen, blossoming fields, snug hamlets and patches of smiling landscape dot the scene and successfully beckon

scores of summer saunters to there enjoy the beauties of nature and breathe the pure air of its terraced hillsides and stony valleys. To reach the different prominent localities of the town we must go up, and up and up. Hills, like transfigured billows, make up the entire township, and whichever way we turn the way leads upward. The plan of locomotion seems to be to drop into the depressions and to climb up the hills, and notwithstanding the labor and fatigue necessarily attending the undertaking, the traveler who once goes over the ground finds delights and enjoyments sufficient to create a desire to renew the journey again and again. One of the most famed—and justly so—schools our country has ever known had its location and was successfully conducted many and many years ago, a few miles back from the river, in this town. The American Board of Foreign Missions established here its first school for the education of foreign youth, designing to fit them to become “missionaries, schoolmasters, interpreters and physicians among heathen nations; and to communicate such information in agriculture and the arts as should tend to promote Christianity and civilization.”

From West Cornwall northward four miles more of travel brings us to Lime Rock, and as we swing round a curve which gives us the first view of the Railway Station, one of the boldest of rock-piled headlands to be found in the whole length of the valley, stands up before us, presenting a striking picture of interwoven forest and terraced rock, with evergreen crowned summit—a seemingly abruptly broken off spur of the Canaan Mountains. So bold and abrupt is this point that it looks to a casual observer as if it might easily be induced to break from its moorings among the hills and topple over upon the railway track and into the river, both of which lie closely along its base. Soon we are almost in hearing distance of Canaan Falls at Falls Village, the best views of which are to be obtained from the western bank of the river. These can be had by making a detour of a mile or so to the westward from the railway and river to the interesting village of Lime Rock, nestled down in a closely drawn ravine which has long been known as the head center of the large iron industries of the Barnum-Richardson Company, whose immense and widespread iron

interests have given them a well-deserved fame both at home and abroad. Here reside in elegantly appointed and hospitable establishments—liberal promoters of local pride and welfare—the active members of the business firms, the head of which is ex-Senator Barnum, who is also the first Executive officer of the Housatonic railroad, whose line of travel we are herewith discussing at so much length. A little village of much natural beauty almost hidden from the world at large, among the ravines and rocks of the region, with an admirable pride of local life abounding and everything beautiful to look upon has here a habitation and an appropriate name.

From Lime Rock a tramp or a drive of a mile or two under a towering, lime rock ledge, to the left of the way, over a well kept carriage-road leads to Falls Village, and from a prominent elevation on the hill over which it passes, the Village and the Falls in their continuous dash and foam of falling waters over and down among the terraced rock and rude boulders may be best and most appreciatively seen. Here is one of the finest water falls in New England, or rather series of falls, the upper one being an almost natural rock dam across the entire bed of the Housatonic river, which furnishes the splendid water power so long utilized by the iron furnaces and foundries of the once famous Ames Company, where government contracts for cannon and heavy ordnance were filled for many and many a year, but which is now owned and occupied by the machine shops of the Housatonic railroad, the little village built up around the shops being known by the name of Amesville. After the first fall of an unbroken sheet the whole width of the river, the water dashes down over a series of terraced waterfalls, making a combined fall of 130 feet, and yet again among miscellaneous strewn boulders through time-worn water channels and on down into crevices, canals and runways, in, around and over rocks and reefs until an opening is reached among the hills below of too old a formation to think of. This passage-way lets the stream down its picturesque journey in its more quiet and peaceful progress to the sea. These falls afford one of the most valuable localities for water power in our country, and enterprising capitalists long ago expended many thousands of dollars in constructing raceways, canals,

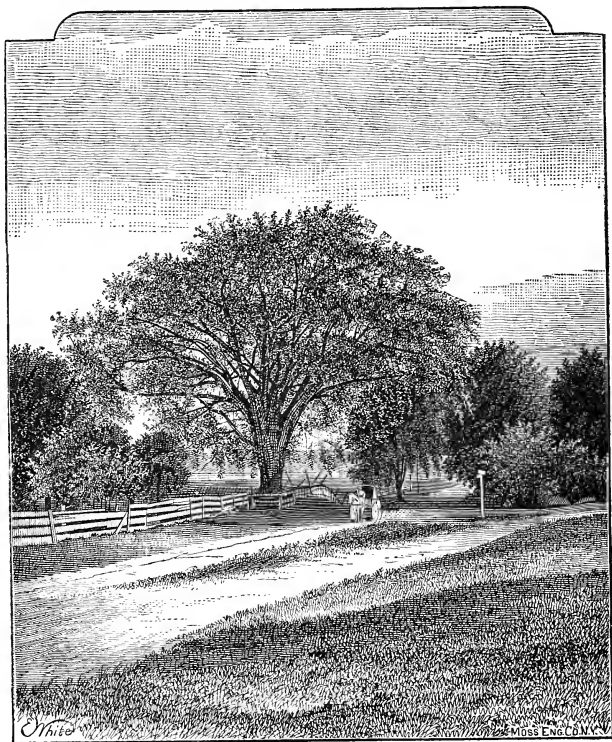


HOUSATONIC RAILROAD SHOPS, BRIDGE AND CANAAN FALLS.



supplemental dams and water shutes on the east side of the river, with the view of making a second Lowell or Holyoke, or at least a very big Falls Village. But the power has not yet been utilized, excepting as of old on the west side of the stream, for purposes before mentioned, and the tooth of time is already telling on the expensive dykes and unused floodgates of the enterprise. The pictured group herewith given of these falls and their surroundings, presents the shops of the Housatonic Railroad Company in the upper left-hand corner, the railroad bridge, from the railway track to the shops in the upper right-hand corner, and the lower tier of falls below in the center of the picture.

Another stretch of travel of six miles brings us to the thriving and beautiful village of Canaan, where the Hartford and Connecticut Western railway crosses the Housatonic railway in its passage from Hartford to Canaan, fifty-five miles to the eastward to Millerton, on the Harlem railroad, fourteen miles to the westward. In passing from Falls Village to Canaan, when a mile or two away from the falls to the northward, the marble veins which are so prominent a feature a score of miles still farther on, begin to show their whitened spots against the hillsides, and the polished brow of the noble Dome of the Taghkanics glistens in the sunlight far up against the sky to the westward. Canaan is the second "railroad center" on the Housatonic railway line which is protected by a double body guard of mountains, the Canaan mountains standing over the pleasantly located village on the edge of the Sheffield and Salisbury Plains, on the one hand, and the southern extremity of the Taghkanic range in an opposite direction. When a short distance farther on we pass out of the state of Connecticut into the state of Massachusetts, and are at Ashley Falls, where the Konkapot river comes rushing down and joins the Housatonic.



THE SHEFFIELD ELM.

# The Hills and Homes of Berkshire.

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And now we are in Southern Berkshire, one of the finest locations for summer sojourning to be found in New England, and perhaps in the world. With the shadow of the Taghkanics still hovering over us, we again cross the Housatonic, are soon in sight of the mammoth Sheffield Elm, and before we know it are stopping at the railway station at Sheffield, where good hotels and good company among the villagers, and good cheer at the farm-houses out on the plains and up along the hillsides, attract summer visitors in large numbers.

But we have scarcely time to count the whole of the depot attendants, who always cling fondly to the station and its platform at train time, before we again move on and strike out on the first and only long stretch of straight track of which the Housatonic railway can boast. This is so unusual a feature in the line of the road, that travelers may be pardoned for imagining that they have bolted the track and are being run away with across lots.

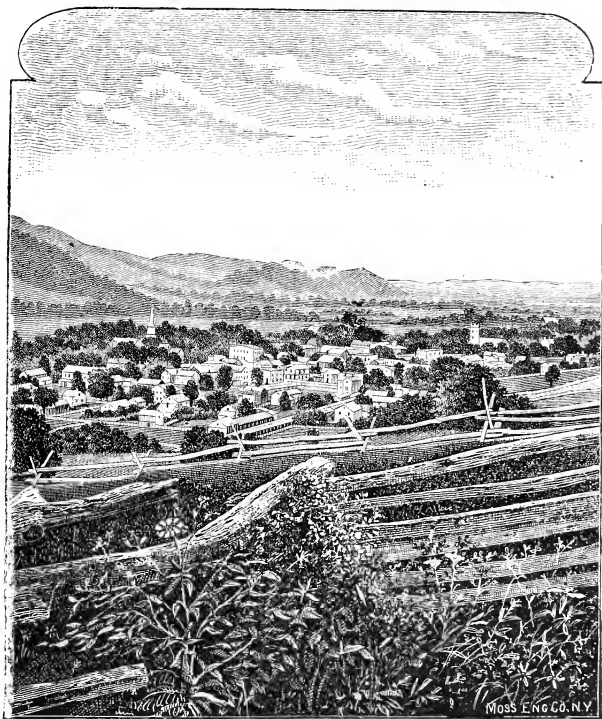
The accompanying picture of the Sheffield Elm gives a pleasant bit of the quiet, scenic beauty of Sheffield, where broad streets and thrifty homes make a level landscape charmingly attractive during the summer months to both visitor and resident. This Elm is exceedingly graceful in body and limb, and one of the noblest of its race of trees. It has many visitors who much enjoy sitting in the shade of its wide-spreading branches, all of whom—with now and then an exception, perhaps—find subject matter for arithmetical calculation as to the number of cords of wood which might be cut from its immense trunk and mammoth branches. It stands at the extreme lower end of the village street, just where the roadways diverge, the one leading to Ash-

ley Falls and Canaan, and the other to the beautiful Twin Lakes of much note in the way of summer attractions and resort, and to Salisbury among the foothills of the Taghkanics, of excellent record as a summer resting place.

After leaving Sheffield, with three or four miles of road-bed as straight as an arrow, and with the climbing of a heavy grade at the foot of which we cross the clear waters of famed Green river, we are in the beautiful and bustling village of Great Barrington, the metropolis and distributing center of Southern Berkshire, alike as to commercial commodities and agricultural products as well as of trade and traffic in general, and also the point from which numerous localities are reached, where summer rest and recreation, and health-giving breezes abound, and summer glories and beauties are spread out without stint or measure.

Great Barrington is of itself one of the most charmingly attractive villages in or out of Berkshire. Its broad main street, numberless huge elms, neat and well-kept homes, and the bustle of its business center, are all pleasant to the eye and ear, and have won for it much admiration both at home and abroad. Good hotels and superior accommodations for guests from the cities among village residents and farmers, are some of the attractive features which the town presents. The scenic beauties of the near vicinity are marked and striking, and the drives are widely admitted to be the finest known. This town, as do many of the adjoining ones, takes great pride in keeping its roadways in most excellent condition, and the nature of the soil is such that they are always good and always in order for enjoyable pleasure riding. The view we give of the village is a southeasterly one, and is taken from the hill near Mansfield Pond. It represents the village correctly as being a nest of homes resting at the foot of bold and rugged mountains, which separate it from the outside world.

This village is the center from which radiates travel eastwardly to the mountain towns of New Marlborough, Sandisfield, Monterey and Tyringham, westwardly, to Alford, Egremont, Mount Washington, and to the Columbia County, N. Y., border towns of Copake, Hillsdale, Austerlitz and Spencertown. On Egremont Plains, with its long



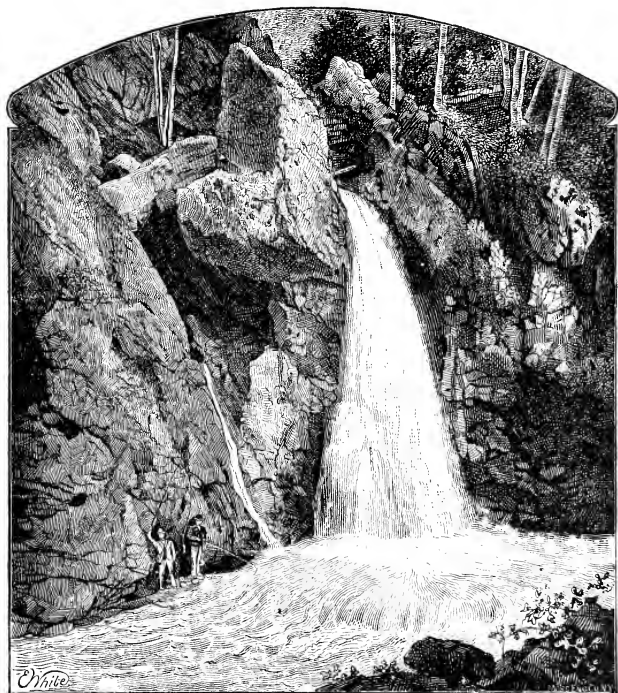
GREAT BARRINGTON FROM THE NORTHWEST.

stretch of level surface, and at the pleasant villages of North and South Egremont, the latter with an excellent and well-patronized summer hotel, beautiful scenery, fine drives and thrifty homes are found throughout all the region, between the bright Green river and the frowning Taghkanic mountains. Alford, to the northward, is a little hamlet surrounded by bold hills and quiet and peaceful belongings on every hand. Mount Washington and its Dome of the Taghkanics, its Sky Farm Goodale Family poets, and its wild falls of the Bash Bish, make it one of the most notable towns in Berkshire county. Our picture of these falls is an illustration of the lower falls only. To represent the whole series of falls, in completeness, would require more pages than we have space for in this volume, and it would be a difficult matter indeed, to fully illustrate them in picture. In the old-time stereotyped advertising phrase "they must be seen to be appreciated."

Six miles to the eastward of Great Barrington village lies Lake Buel, a lovely sheet of water and a place of much resort by excursionists, picnic parties, campers-out and pleasure-seekers from all the regions round about, for many and many a mile, during the long summer and early autumn months. A steamboat is owned at Turner's landing, near the upper end of the lake, and plies its waters whenever parties desire to go either fishing or pleasuring on an ingeniously constructed catamaran.

Passing on from Lake Buel, near the little hamlet of Hartsville, at the foot of the lake, the roadways diverge, and Monterey, Otis and Tyringham lie to the northward, while the busy paper manufacturing village of Mill River, Southfield on the hillside, New Marlborough on the hill-top, Montville, New Boston and old Sandisfield, still beyond, lie to the southward. At New Marlborough the summer visitor finds good hotel and private accommodations, beautiful scenery in abundance, fresh air in more than abundance, and delightful country-life surroundings.

Of Monument Mountain, one of the most celebrated points in the Housatonic valley, we give one of the bold views of its cliffs, and only regret that we cannot give a half dozen or more sketches of the wild scenery which it presents from different points of view, it being



PASH BISH LOWER FALLS.

at once singularly picturesque and strikingly attractive from whichever side or point it may be seen. Here the rocks are

"Shaggy and wild  
With mossy trees and pinnacles of flint,  
And many a hanging crag."

And—

"To the east,  
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs—  
Huge pillars, that in middle Heaven upbear  
Their weather-beaten capitals; here dark  
With moss the growth of centuries, and there  
Of chalky whiteness where the thunder bolt  
Has splintered them."

These are the words of the Poet Bryant, whose "Monument Mountain" poem made it famous long years ago. His early home was in Great Barrington, and the bold, bald mountain was one of the inspirers of his muse in his younger days, as was also the beautiful Green river, to the westward of the village, of which he said:

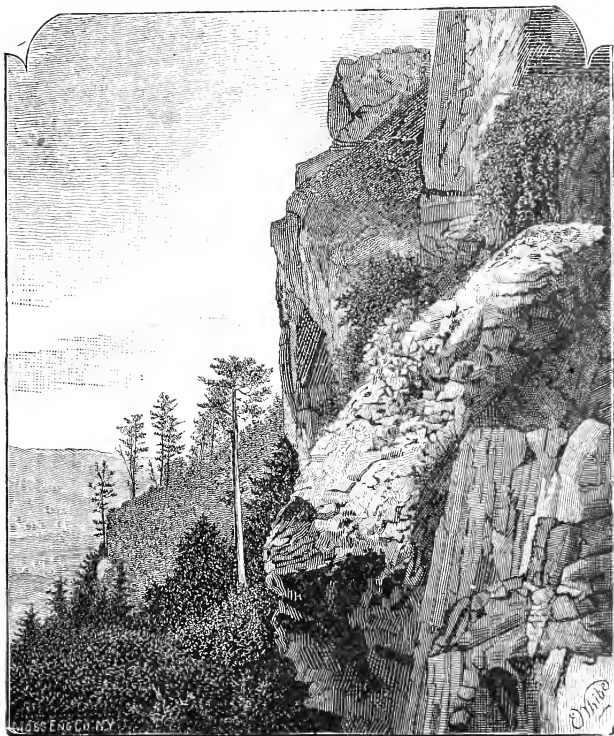
"When breezes are soft and skies are fair,  
I steal an hour from study and care,  
And hie me away to the woodland scene,  
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,  
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink  
Had given their stain to the wave they drink;  
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,  
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

\* \* \* \* \*

I often come to this quiet place.  
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face.  
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,  
For in thy lonely and lovely stream  
An image of that calm life appears  
That won my heart in my greener years."

Monument Mountain derives its name from a curious pillar on its southern slope, raised by the Indians for some unknown purpose, which was still standing when the white men first came to this region. There are many traditions extant as to the origin of this monument. Mr. Bryant, who was familiar with the mountain, has voiced the popular tradition in his beautiful poem called "Monument Mountain," a poem





MONUMENT MOUNTAIN, FROM UNDER THE CLIFFS.

so familiar to all readers that we need give but the briefest possible paraphrase: Long before white men came, a beautiful maiden was so unfortunate as to fall in love with her cousin—a love deemed illegal by these stern tribes. She struggled a long time with her unfortunate passion, but all in vain; at length overcome with despair and shame she climbed one day the dizzy height of this mountain precipice accompanied only by a friend, “a playmate of her young and innocent years.” On the verge of the precipice the friends sat down and

“ Sang all day old songs of love and death,  
And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,  
And prayed that safe and swift might be her way  
To the calm world of sunshine where no grief  
Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.”

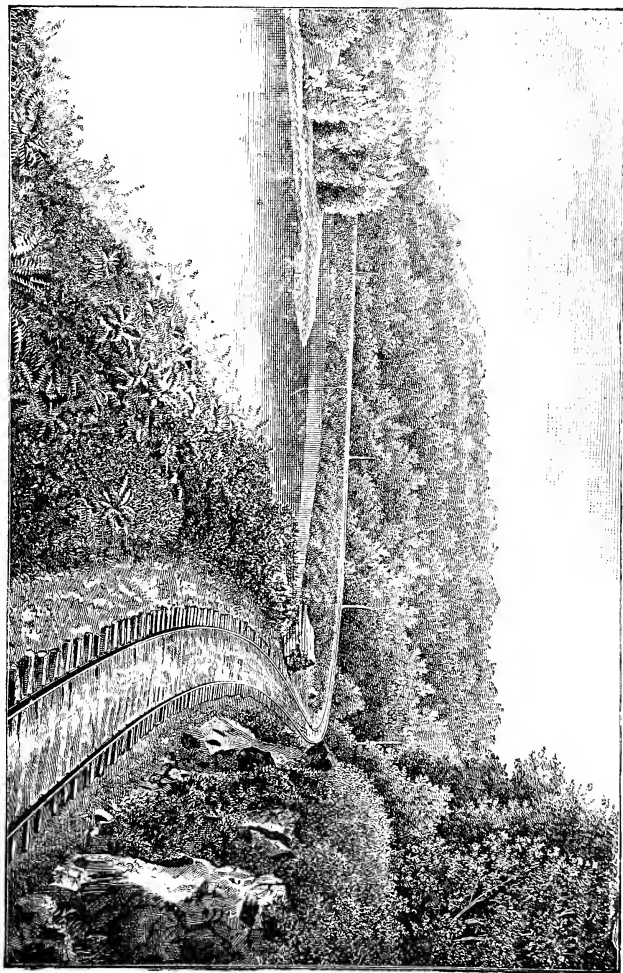
And then

“ When the sun grew low,  
And the hill shadows long, she threw herself  
From the steep rock and perished. There was scooped  
Upon the mountain's southern slope a grave,  
And there they laid her in the very garb  
With which the maiden decked herself for death,  
And o'er the mould that covered her the tribe  
Built up a simple monument—a cone  
Of small loose stones. \* \* \* ”

The glory of the Stockbridge landscape is Monument Mountain, so famed in poetry, and so enwreathed in dim tradition and antiquarian lore, that no visitor to the town feels at liberty to depart without making its acquaintance. The best point in the village from which to view it is the level plateau in the rear of the Congregational Church. It is there seen rising above the level meadows of the Housatonic, a bold, defiant, rugged mass of quartz rock, thrown up by some giant upheaval of nature, and left to charm the lovers of the picturesque and excite the speculation of the curious.

The mountain is peculiar in its conformation; nearly all its brothers, and there are many of them in this region of hills and mountains, are round topped, and covered quite to their summits with a large growth of forest trees; but the summit of Monument Mountain is bold and barren of verdure, save a few stunted pines, broken and fissured, and

PART OF DOUBLE REVERSE CURVE, GLENDALE.

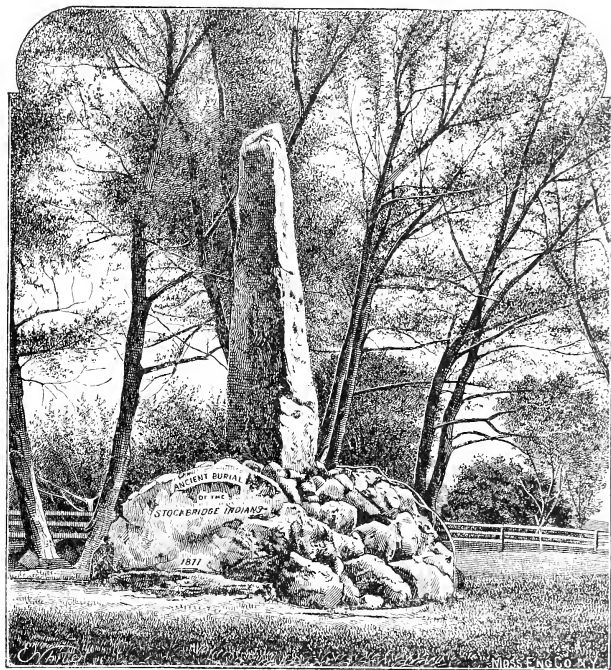


furnished with "incredible pinnacles" that prick into the blue heavens, where

"It is a fearful thing  
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see  
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,  
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base  
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear  
Over the Dizzy depth, and hear the sound  
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,  
Come up like ocean murmurs."

Below is the valley of the Housatonic river, with the famous river itself winding through its emerald fields, in appearance like a ribbon of silver unrolled, and which may be traced almost to its source thirty-six miles away beyond the Lenox hills. Westward is the beautiful Stockbridge Plain, nestled at the feet of its guardian mountains, and bearing on its bosom the pretty village of Stockbridge with white cottages peeping shyly out from amid its green foliage, and beautiful villas occupying commanding positions on the dominating hills. In any direction one may look are farms and farm-houses, and herds of sleek cattle grazing up to their eyes in the lush grass for which these mountain slopes are famous. In view are a score of heavily wooded mountains and as many country villages, their white steeples peering out over the tree tops in places where no one would suspect a village to exist. Only five miles to the southward is Great Barrington, where Mr. Bryant practiced law and courted the muses, and to the northward one may almost catch a glimpse of the little red cottage where Hawthorne lived and wrote his "Tanglewood Tales," and "House of the Seven Gables."

Journeying on again to the northward by rail, two miles away from Great Barrington village, we find Van Deusenville, where the railway forks, one branch following up the valley of the Williams river to the village of West Stockbridge, and on to a connection with the Boston & Albany railroad at State Line, for Albany, Saratoga, and all the world at large to the westward and northward, while the other leads directly up through the busy manufacturing village of Housatonic, on through the wildly picturesque Glendale portion of Stockbridge—of

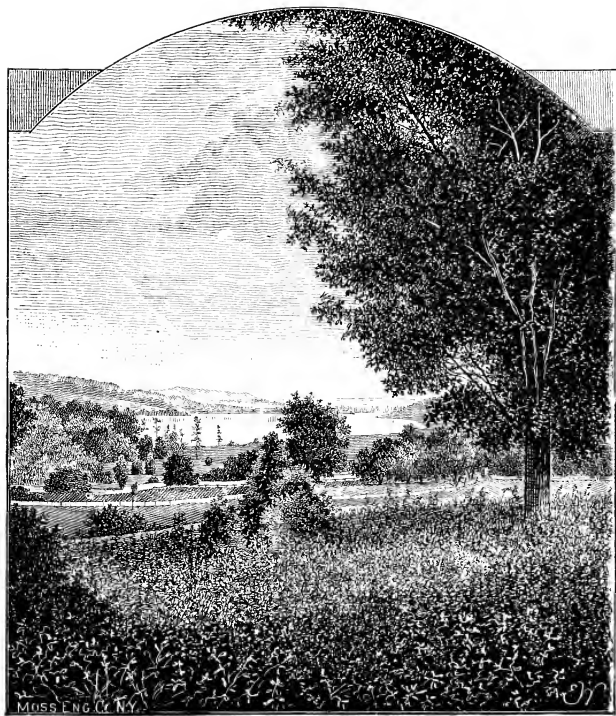


OLD INDIAN BURYING GROUND, STOCKBRIDGE.

which we give a full-page illustration—to the railway station on the outskirts of the long-time famous village of Stockbridge itself. This village has a reputation as a summer resort which attracts to its well-kept hotels, the principal hostelry, the Stockbridge, House having the well-earned reputation of being one of the best hotels in the country, its cottages, and its fine homes, full houses, and admiring guests, which increase in numbers with every passing year. The scene we give of the Monument in the Old Indian Burial Ground, is located in a nook of quiet beauty, where the Housatonic river, winding sluggishly through adjacent meadows, and the well-kept grounds of country villas, affords many more equally attractive and pleasing. With the country villas and cottages thrown open, and the hotels well-filled, the summer life here is one of most sensible enjoyment. A chime of bells peal out its morning, mid-day and evening chimes, from a stately tower of stone, on the village green, the gift of David Dudley Field, a summer resident of the town, and an extensive public park has lately been laid out on the hill to the northward, by his brother, Cyrus W. Field, a native of Stockbridge.

One of the most noted scenic beauties of Stockbridge is its famous "Bowl," in the extreme northerly part of the town, and so close to the line which divides it from Lenox that it is often thought to belong to the latter town. We give an illustration of this charming sheet of water, which was taken from near the spot where Nathaniel Hawthorne lived and wrote a quarter of a century ago. The prospect from around the rim of the "Bowl" is very fine indeed, and attracts many visitors.

At South Lee, two miles from Stockbridge, we are within a three-mile drive of Fernside, of which a faithful representation is given herewith. This is a popular summer resort, owned by Dr. Joseph Jones, who, a few years since, purchased the entire property of the Tyringham Shakers, transferring the buildings into cosy accommodations for summer company, and he has succeeded in making a public home here among the hills, having all the attractions of a home in private life, where quiet, rest and summer enjoyment can be had with great freedom from care, to the fullest extent. From the railway stations at South Lee, or Lee, the drive is at first through the valley of the

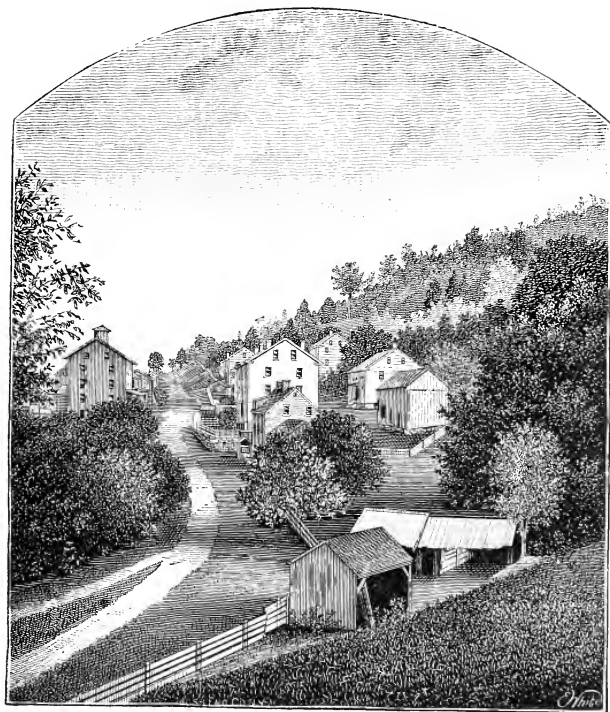


STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

"Hop Brook" stream, and then a long climb, or rather creep along the mountain sides is found necessary to the reaching of the location, which is that of the old home of the now extinct family of Tyringham Shakers. The buildings still remain much the same as when occupied by the old-time brethren and sisters of the Shaker faith, and are picturesque indeed, hung as they are on the hillside, far above the "Hop Brook" valley, and still nestled at the foot of the Holy Hill, where the Shaker prophetess, Mother Ann, caused to be erected, many years since, monuments and walls which were supposed to surround imaginary figures, flowers, fountains and the like. Near the settlement ferns in wild luxuriance, as nowhere else in all New England, abound, in full variety and in cargoes of quantity, giving the appropriate name of Fernside to the locality.

From South Lee, again by rail to Lee, is only a rattle, a rush and a rumble along the track and across the Housatonic river, and its little outstretch of meadow at this point, and the thriving village of Lee is at hand, the beauties and business of which are but poorly represented from the car windows. Then, again, on to Lenox Furnace, a manufacturing hamlet only, and still on, a mile or two, to Lenox Station, and we have yet two miles before we reach the proud old town of Lenox, a village set on a hill, in more senses than one. It is located on hillside and on hill-top, where pure air always abounds, and overlooks the villages, farms and homes to the southward as far as the eye can reach. Stockbridge Bowl lies near at hand, with other miniature lakelets not far away, and wooded hills, cultivated fields, and villages without number dot the landscape between Lenox and the Dome of the Taghkanics, which shut out the world from between here and the great beyond. Wealthy New Yorkers, Philadelphians and Bostonians have here erected extensive villas, and founded a summer resort peculiar to itself, representing much aristocracy of wealth, refinement and culture. The elegant residences are opened early, kept open late, and the season is a long one, the society being more exclusive and aristocratic even than that represented by the ton at Newport. The old town has been completely metamorphosed within the last quarter of a century, and palaces stand now where plain farm-houses once had place. Elegant





FERNside, FROM THE WEST.

equipages dash up and down the village streets, and out upon the hill-sides. Club houses, for both sexes, are well maintained, and the gayest of the gay, in its own way, is Lenox during the summer months.

The Lenox of old was more particularly known to the world at large from the fact of its being the county seat of Berkshire, and from its climatic resemblance to the Polar regions. On these particular points did it, for decade after decade of years, rest for its recognition and laurels among the men and times of former generations. The resident county officials, being people of intelligence, character and culture, of excellent social attainments, in some instances of much literary ability and cultivation, naturally drew around them, as the years went by, people of their own position and places in the world. Among these latter, probably no one person has been more instrumental in bringing this portion of Berkshire county into public notice and appreciation than has Fanny Kemble Butler. She came to these hills in her earlier and best days, and took them to her heart at once. She loved the people she found here, and saw the charms of the surrounding scenery before others had discovered and known of them. She built here a cottage for her own temporary occupancy, being among the first from abroad to do this. She rode her flying steeds to the very mountain tops, leaped the small streams of the valleys, and lingered lovingly and long with nature, heartily enjoying the wild excitement. She dipped her oars into the placid surface of Stockbridge Bowl, and spent whole days in enticing the finny tribe from its waters, meditating meanwhile, in her own peculiar way, and quietly enjoying the surrounding region. She saw what an opportunity there was here for village improvements, and was one of the first to give substantial aid to the work of beautifying and adorning the town; and while others stood listlessly and uninterestedly by, she sought out and directed attention to the natural scenic beauties of the vicinity, and prophesied enthusiastically that they would all come to be widely known and fully appreciated in due time. To verify and establish how well these prophesies have been fulfilled, it only needs to look at the Lenox of to-day.

From Lenox station the track of the Housatonic railway takes us quickly to Pittsfield, the county seat of Berkshire, a thriving and beau-

tiful town of inhabitants sufficient to entitle it to be called by the ambitious name of a city. Maplewood Institute, which has, heretofore, been a young ladies' school of much note, opens its doors during the warm weather for the accommodation of summer guests, who have the advantage here of combining country life with city belongings a little more to the full than can be accomplished among any of the surrounding neighborhoods.

From Pittsfield a branch of the Boston & Albany railroad leads still to the northward, through Cheshire, Lanesboro, Adams and North Adams, past the western portal of the Hoosac tunnel, along beneath the shadow of Greylock mountain, to the glorious old town of Williamstown, the home of Williams College, where delightful scenery and pure air are to be had without money and without price, and good accommodations for summer guests abound.

In brief review then, of the attractions and advantages of the Housatonic Valley and its beyond to the northward in Berkshire, it is simply matter of truth to say that no region of country now being sought for by health and pleasure-seekers, has more in the line of sensible and pure vacation enjoyment than has the Housatonic Valley and Berkshire County, from its southern borders at the doorway of Western Connecticut to its ragged edges at the northward, up among the Green Mountains of Vermont.

The whole region is within easy reach of New York and the sea-coast resorts, Boston, the White Mountains and Saratoga, the Housatonic railroad running through the entire length of the Housatonic Valley to Pittsfield and the Boston & Albany and Hartford & Connecticut Western railroad running directly across it, thirty miles apart, at right angles.

Berkshire scenery has been admiringly written and read of for many and many a year, in prose and verse, in story and song, and each summer adds to the throngs who are seeking information as to how to reach the Berkshire hills and what there is to be found there after they are reached. This little book is written and printed for the purpose of giving such inquirers a foretaste, by hastily made pen and pencil sketches, of what may be found, in duplicates without number, among The Hills and Homes of Berkshire.

# HOUSATONIC VALLEY

## Summer Resort Hotels.

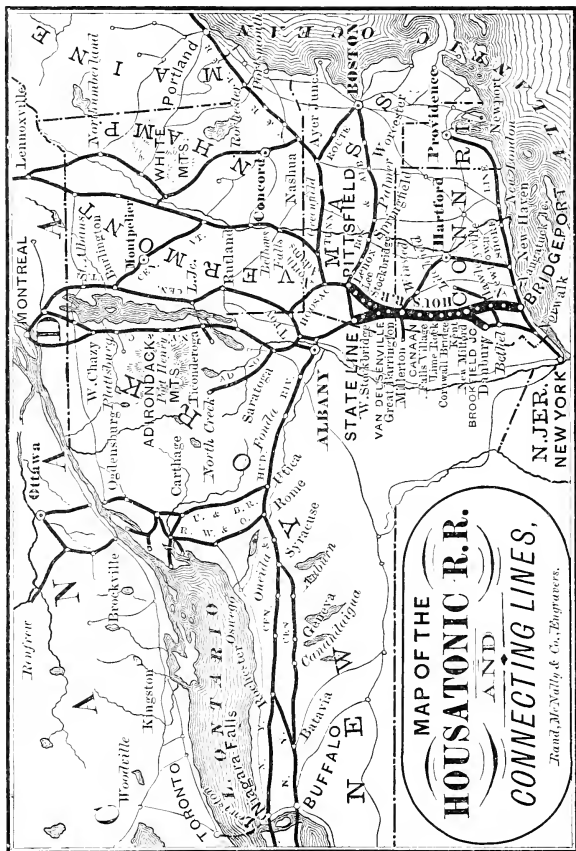
Dick's Hotel, Newtown, Ct..	- - -	W. J. Dick, Proprietor.
Grand Central Hotel, Newtown, Ct.,	-	George H. Brown, Proprietor.
Goodsell House, Brookfield, Conn.		
New England House, New Milford, Ct.,	-	Isaac Bristol, Proprietor.
Wononsco House, Lakeville, Ct.,	- -	R. W. Ford, Proprietor.
Maple Shade House, Salisbury, Ct.,	-	Theodore S. Russell, Proprietor.
Miller House, Sheffield, Mass..	- - -	John M. Benjamin, Proprietor.
Mount Everett House, So. Egremont, Mass..		Walter B. Peck, Proprietor.
Berkshire House, Great Barrington, Mass..		Caleb Ticknor Proprietor.
Collins House, Great Barrington, Mass.,	-	Alfred Peck, Proprietor.
Miller House, Great Barrington, Mass.,	-	H. C. Winegar & Son, Proprietors.
*So. Berkshire Institute, New Marlboro, Mass..		I. N. Tuttle, Proprietor.
Stockbridge House, Stockbridge, Mass..	-	C. H. Plumb, Proprietor.
Edwards Hall, Stockbridge, Mass.,		
Curtis's Hotel, Lenox, Mass.,	- - -	W. O. Curtis, Proprietor.
"Fernside," Tyringham, Mass..	- -	Dr. Joseph Jones, Proprietor.
*Maplewood Institute & Hall, Pittsfield, Mass.,		G. W. Kittelle, Proprietor.
Burbank House, Pittsfield, Mass.,	- -	A. Burbank, Proprietor.
American House, Pittsfield, Mass..	- -	Cebra Quackenbush, Proprietor.
Greylock House, Adams, Mass.,	- -	John Thayer, Proprietor.
Wilson House, North Adams, Mass.,	-	F. E. Swift, Proprietor.
Richmond House, North Adams, Mass..	-	A. E. Richmond, Proprietor.
Greylock Hall, Williamstown, Mass.,	-	F. E. Swift, Proprietor.
Kellogg House, Williamstown, Mass.,	-	S. B. Kellogg, Proprietor.
Mansion House, Williamstown, Mass.,	-	A. A. Jones, Proprietor.

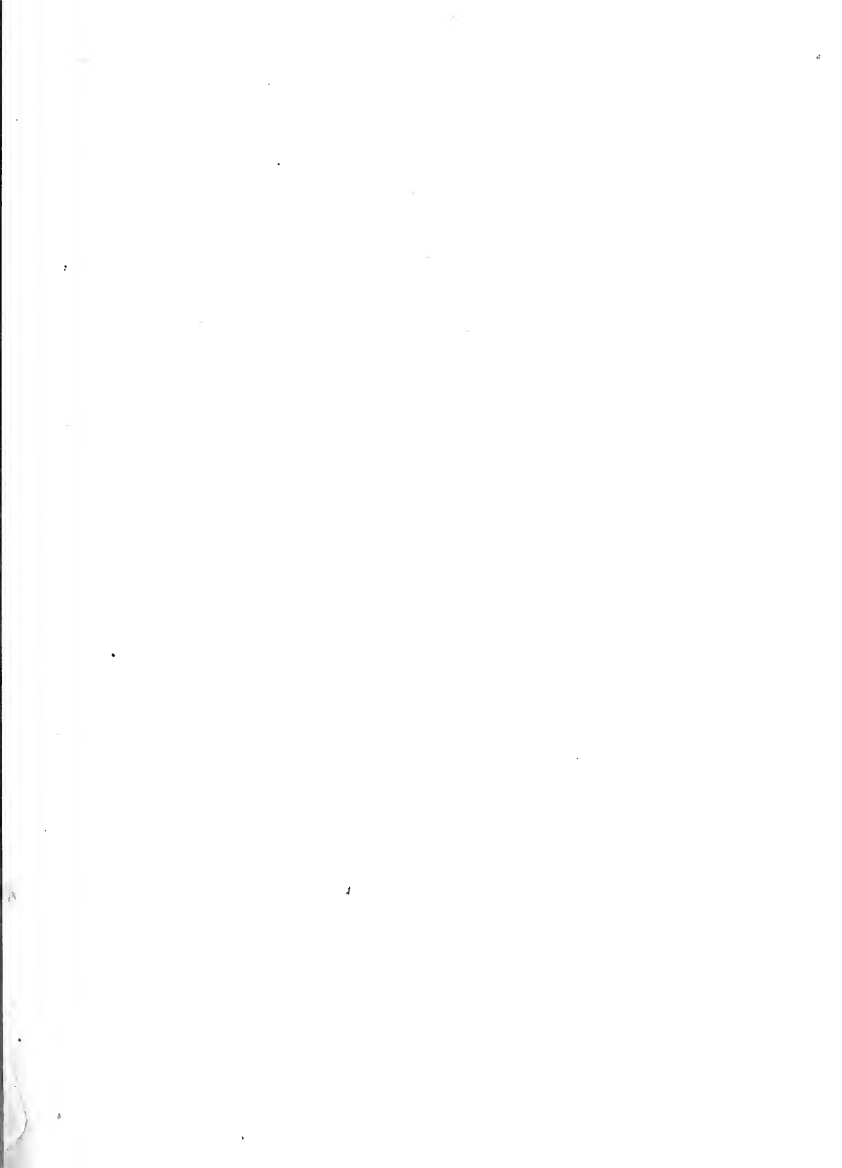
*\*These houses are used for Educational Purposes in winter, and for Summer guests during the summer season.*

—THE—

—BETWEEN—

General Ticket Agent, Housatonic R. R. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

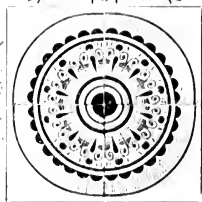
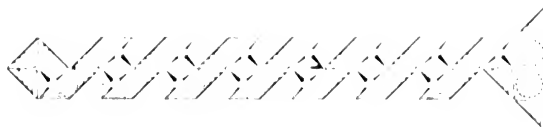






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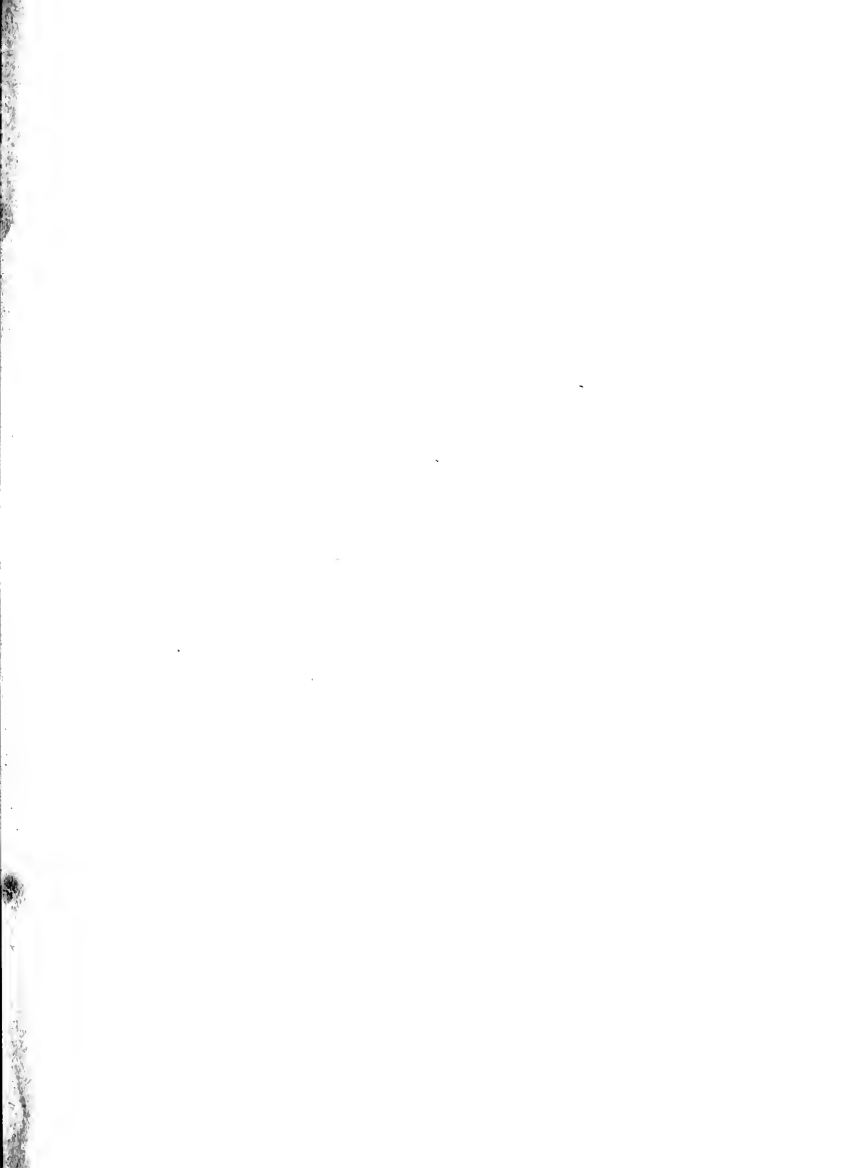
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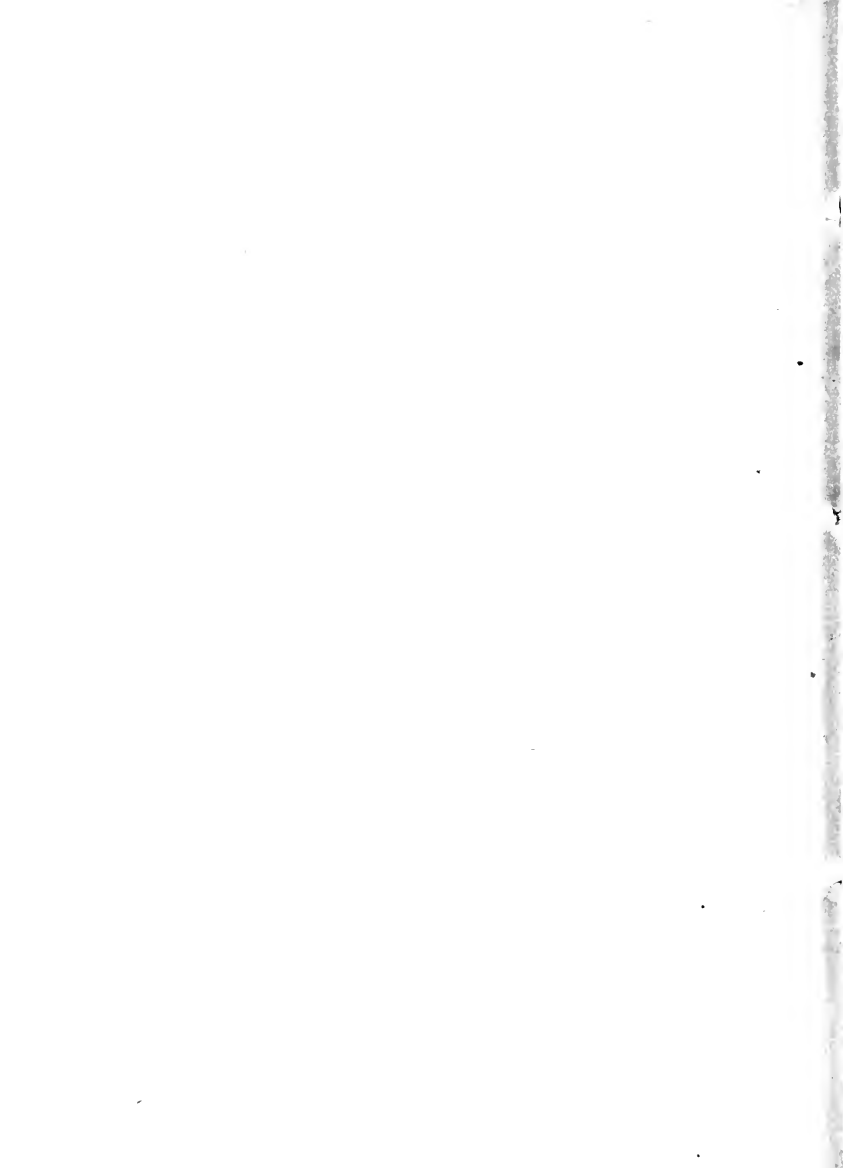


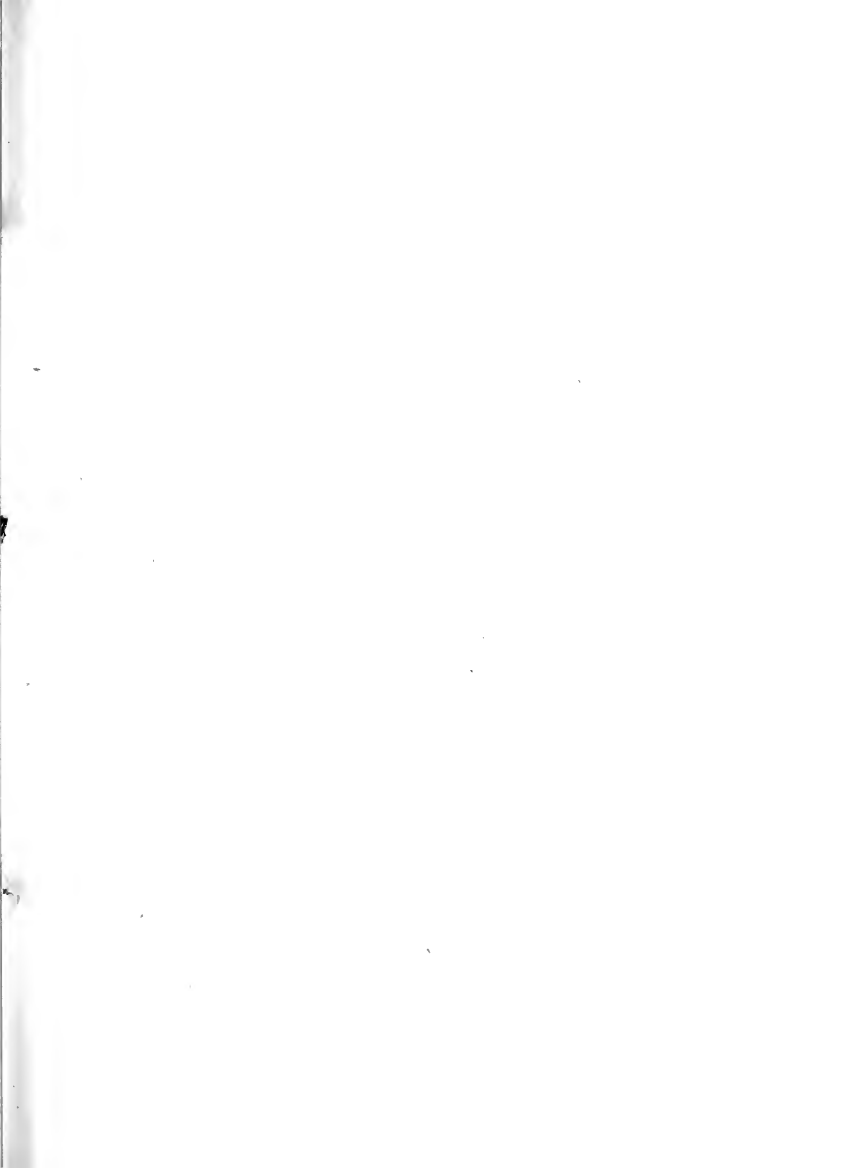












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